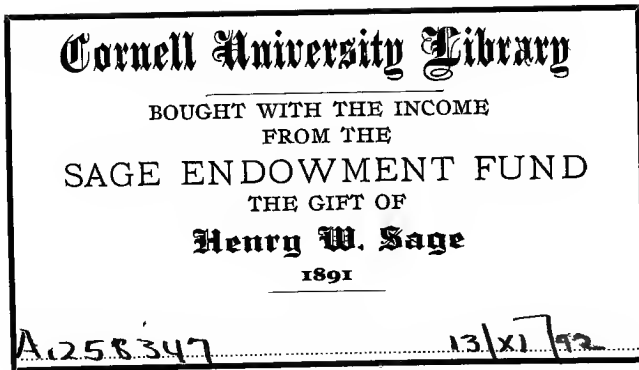


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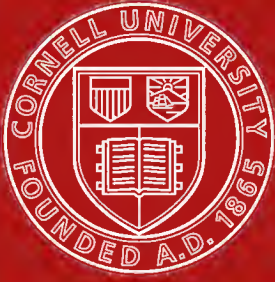
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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Cöbler's Prophecy,

BY

ROBERT WILSON.

1594

Date of the only known edition, 1594

(Dyce Collection, South Kensington.)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911.

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The C^obler's Prophecy,

BY

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Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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BY

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This facsimile reprint is from the perfect Dyce copy at S. Kensington: the B.M. example lacks signature E.

Other plays attributed, more or less certainly to Wilson, are "The Pedler's Prophecy," "The Three Ladies of London," and "The Three Lords and the Three Ladies of London."

Sir Sidney Lee, in his notice of Wilson in the "D.N.B." (q.v.), seems to take it for granted that he was the author of "The Three Ladies of London," and (of course) also of the "Three Lords and Three Ladies of London," the second being practically a continuation of the first. That Wilson had a reputation as a writer of plays is manifest from the reference by Thomas Lodge, in his "Defence of Poetry, Music, and Stage Plays," against the attacks of Stephen Gosson, whose "School of Abuse" was the occasion of Philip Sidney's noble "Apologie for Poetry." Lodge, in his defence, declares that he preferred Wilson's "short and sweet" drama on "Catiline" to Gosson's play on the same subject. Wilson's play on "Catiline" is no longer extant, though (as Sir Sidney Lee mentions) Philip Henslowe, on the 21st August, 1598, advanced 10/- to Robert Wilson on the security of his play of "Catiline," which he was writing in conjunction with Henry Chettle. Wilson's "Catiline" is lost; still, Henslowe's testimony to its existence is valuable.

As regards the other attributed plays, the "Cobler's Prophesie" bears Wilson's name on the title page, and there can be no doubt that the writer of the "Cobler's Prophesie" was also the writer of the "Pedler's Prophesie."

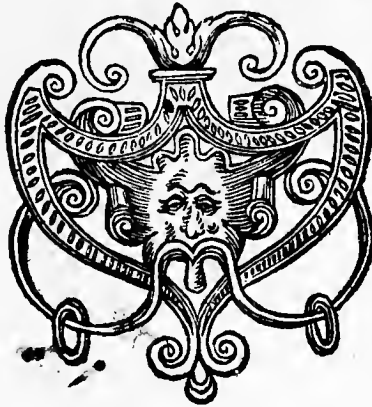
There is little, if anything, to record of note concerning the mechanical reproduction of this facsimile. The printing is, generally speaking, of the same uniform excellent standard which long experience has assured to this series: an experience (in October, 1911) extending over seventy-six volumes!

JOHN S. FARMER.



THE COBLERS Prophesie.

Written by Robert Wilfon. Gent.



Printed at London by Iohn Danter for Cuthbert
Burbie: and are to be sold at his shop nere
the Royall-Exchange.

1594.



THE COBLERS Prophesie.

Enter Iupiter and Iuno, Mars and Venus, Apollo, after him, Bacchus, Vulcan limping, and after all Diana wringing her hands: they passe by, while on the stage Mercurie from one end Ceres from another meete.

C E R E S.

Fresh Mayas sonne, fine witcrafts greatest God,
Herald of heauen, soule charming Mercurie:
Tell, for thou witst, why these celestiall powers
Are thus assembled in Boeotia.

Mercurie. Plenties rich Queene, cheerer of fainting souls,
V whose Altars are adorne with ripend sheaves.
Know thy securitie chiefe nurse of sinne,
Hath bred contempt in all Boeotia.
The old are scorned of the wanton yong,
Vnhallowed hands, and harts impurer farre,
Rend downe the Altars sacred to the Gods.

A 3

Heauen

The Coblers Propheſie.

Heauen is long ſuffering, and eternall Powers
Are full of pittie to peruerſeſt men:
which made the awful Ruler of the reſt,
Summon this meeting of the heauenly States:
The firſt was Iupiter, Iuno with him,
Next Mars and Venus, him I know you knew not,
His Harnesse is conuerted to ſoft filke,
His warres are onely wantonings with her,
That ſcandalizeth heauen and heapes worlds hate,
Apollo next, then Bacchus belly-God,
And horned Vulcan forger of heauens fire,
The laſt poore Cynthia making woeful none,
That ſhe is left ſweet virgin poſt alone.
I am but meſſenger, and muſt not denounce
Til the high ſenate of the Gods decreet,
But ſacred Ceres, if I may diuine,
In heauen ſhall Venus vaunt but little time.

Ceres: So pleaſe it mighty Ioue the doome were iuſt,
Amongſt that holy traine what needs there liſt.

Mercurie: I ſee a ſort of wondring gazing eyes,
That doo await the end of this conceit,
whom Mercurie with wauiug of his rod,
And holy ſpels inioines to ſit and ſee,
th' effectuall working of a Propheſie.

Ceres: And Ceres ſheds her ſweeteſt ſweetes in plentie,

Caſt Comfets.

That while ye ſtay their pleaſure may content ye.
Now doo I leaue thee Mercury, and will in to take my place,
Doo what thou canſt in wanton luſts diſgrace.

Mercurie: Ceres I will, and now I am alone
Will I aduiſe me of a meſſenger
That will not faint: will not ſaid I?
Nay ſhall not faint ſent forth by Mercurie.
I am reſolud, the next I meete with be it he or ſhe,
To doo this meſſage ſhall be ſent by me.

Enter Raph Cobler with his ſtoole, his implements and ſhoes,
and

The Coblers Prophecie.

and sitting on his stoole, falls to sing.

Hey downe downe a downe a downe,

hey downe downe a downe a.

Our beauty is the brauest Lasse in all the towne a:

For beauties sweete sake, I sleepe when I should wake,

shee is sonne browne a.

Her cheekes so red as a cherrie, do make my hart full merry,

So that I cannot choose in cobling of my shooes,

but sing hey derrie derrie downe derrie.

Zelota his wife within. (your fashion.

Zelota: Go too Raph youle still be singing loue songs its

Raph: Content your selfe wife, tis my own recantation,
No loue song neither, but a carrol in beauties condemnatio

Ze: well year best leaue singing and fall to work by & by
while I to buy meat for our dinner to market doo hie, (way.

R: And you were best leaue your scolding to, & get you a-

ze: And I come to you Raph, We course ye as I did a saterday

R: Course me snowns, I would thou durst come out of dore,

And thou dost Ile knock thee on the head thou arrant thou,
was not this lustily spoken? I warrant she dare not come out

Enter Zelota.

Ze: I see what yeele doo, where are yee Goodman Lout?

He creepes under the stoole.

Ra: O no bodie tell her that I am vnder the stoole.

Ze: wheres this prating Assc, this dizzardly foole,

Mer: why here I am Dame, lets see what shou canst say,
Bestirre your Distaffe, doo the worst ye may.

Ze: Alas that euer I was borne to see this sight,

My Raph is transformed to a wicked spright.

Ra: Shee lies yfaith, I am here vnder the stoole.

Mer: Let me alone Raph, hold thy peace thou foole.
I am a sprite indeede, a fiend which will pursue thee still,

Vntill I take a full reuenge of all thy proffered ill,

And for thy former dealings to thy husband hath bin bad,

I charme thee and inchaunt thee queane,

Thou henceforth shalt be mad:

And

The Coblers Prophecie.

And neuer shall thy foolish braine cut off this franticke fit,
Till with thy hand vnwilling he thou murder doe commit.

He charmes her with his rod.

Rap : Nay she is mad enough a' readie,
For she will doe nothing with me but fight,
And ye make hir more mad, shee'll kill me out right.

Zel : Make me mad *Raph*, no faith *Raph*,
Though thou be a diuell and a spright,
Nere toll the bell, Ile not be gossippe,
The childe shall not be christned to night.

Goe to the back-house for the boy,
Bid the tankerd bring the conduit home.

Ile buy no plumme porredge,
Ile not be made such a mome.

And because thou hast a fine rod *Raph*,
Ile looke in thy purse by and by:

And if thou haue any money in it,
wele drinke the Diuell dry, Diuell dry, &c.

*Here she runnes about the stage snatching at euery thing
shee sees.*

Raph : Out of doubt she is mad indeed,
See what a coyle she doth keepe,

Mer, *Raph* she shall trouble none of vs, Ile charme her
fast a sleepe.

Zel : Come *Raph*, lets goe sleepe, for thou must mend
Queene Guiniuers shooes to morrow.

I haue a pillowe of my owne, Ile neither begge nor borrow.

Exit.

Mer. So sleepe thy fill, now *Raph* come forth to mee.

Raph : Come forth quoth he marrie God blesse vs.

Now you haue made my wife mad what shall become of me?

Mar : Feare not come forth, I meane no hurt to thee.

Rap : VVell Ile trust you for once, what say yee. (bed

Mer : *Raph* hie thee home, & thou shalt finde vpon thy
Attire that for a prophets sute shall stand thee in good stead
A prophet thou must be and leaue thy worke a while.

Raph.

The Coblers Prophecie.

Raph A Prophet speaker: Ha, ha, ha, heere a coyle.
What are you, I pray?

Mer: I am Mercurie the Messenger of the Gods.

Raph: And I am Raph Cocker, twixt vs there is some Gods.
But heare ye God Markedy, haue you rectorie
To take a free man of his companie,
And hinder him to be your Prophet speaker,
And when ye set him a worke giue him nothing for his labor.

Mer: I must charme him asleepe, or he will still be prating.
He please thee well, I pre thee Raph sit downe.

Raph Now I am set, would I had a pot of ale.

Mer: We will haue twaine, but first attend my tale.

He charmes him with his rod asleepe.

Not farre hence standeth Marsh his Court,
to whom thus see thou say,

A fawt thoug thou be a Cocke of the game,

that worst to croe by day,

And with thy sharpened spurs

the crauen Cockes didst kill and slay

Sith now thou dost but prune thy wings,

and make thy fetters gay:

A dunghill Cocke that croes by night,

shall falslie thee betray,

And tread thy Hen, and for a time

shall carrie her away.

And she by him shall hatch a Chicke,

this Countrey to decay.

And for this pretie Pullets name

thou shalt the better learne:

When thou shalt onelic letters see

within one name discerne,

Three vowels and two consonants,

which vowels if thou scan,

Doth sound that which to enerie pace

conducteth euery man.

*The Coblers Prophecie,
Then call to minde this Prophecie,
for thats the bastards name:
Then rense thy selfe, then reach thy sword,
and win thy wonted fame.*

Now Raph awake, for I haue done
the taske for which I came.

Exit.

Raph stretches himselfe, and wakes.

Raph Heigh ho, wake quoth you, I thinke tis time,
for I haue slept soundly:

And me thought in my sleep this was God Markedy,
that had chaunted my wife mad for good cause why.

Above me thought I saw God Shebiter,
that marlously did frowne,

VVith a dart of fier in his hand
readie to throw it downe.

Below me thought there were false knaues
walking like honest men verie craftely:

And few or none could be plainly seene
to thriue in the world by honestie.

Me thought I saw one that was wondrous fat,
Picke two mens purses while they were struiuing for a gnat,

And some that dwelt in streetes were large and faire,

Kept backe shops to vetter their baddest ware.

VVhat meddle I with trades? Men masters and maids,

Yea and wiues too and all are too too bad,

Beiudgd by my wife, that was neuer well till she ran mad,

But O the Baker, how he plaid false with the ballance,

And ran away from the takers tallants.

The Bruer was as bad, the Butcher as ill,

For its their tricke to blow vp leane meate with a quill,

And with the stroke a Butcher gaue an oxe

that lowd bellowing did make,

I lost sight of all the other trickes,

and so sodainly did wake.

But now must Raph trudge about his prophe tation,

Faith ye shall heare me troll it out after my fashion.

Exit.

Enter

The Cblers Prophecie.

*Enter Sateros a souldier, and Contempt naming
himselfe Content.*

Sat: Thus haue I serued in my Princes warres,
Against the Persian and the Asian Powers:
The cole-blatke Moore that reuels in the Straights
Haue I repelled with my losse of blood.
My scarres are witnes of my hard escapes:
My wrinkles in my face (made old by care,
VVhen yet my yeres are in their chiefest prime)
Are glasses of my grieve, lights of my languor,
That liue disgracde, and haue deserued honor.

Cont: I am the admiredst in Boeotia,
By honoring me thou shalt obtaine preferment.

Sat: Vnto the Gods and Prince doo souldiers honor,
And wert thou one of these, I would adore thee.

Cont: I am of power more than all the Gods
to sit and rule the harts of all degrees.
They haue in me content, as thou shalt see
A present instance in these entring men.

*Enter Emnius a Courtier, with him a Scholler, and
a Countrey Gentleman.*

Contr: Haile to Contents diuineſt exelence.

Schol: Content our sweetest good, we doo salute thee.

Contr: Though last I am not least in duteous kindnes
To thee Content although thou be no God,
Yet greater in account than all of them.

Schol: But if ye knew his name wer *Olygoros*, which signifieth
Contempt, you would not mistake him, and name him Content.

Cont: O Mas scholler be patient, for though you like not my
name, you loue my nature: and therefore Gentlemen forward
with the discourse intended at our last meeting: and in that con-
terence this Gentleman a souldier, I presume will make one.

Contr: Being a foldier, his companie is fit for anie honest gen-
tleman, and therefore welcome into our companie.

Sat: I thanke you sir.

The Coblers Prophecie.

Soul: Though the Courtier speake him faire, in hart I knowe he disdaines him for his bace apparell: wherein he obserues one pinciple of my law. Welcome him Scholler.

Schol: To me a Souldier is a welcome man.

Soul: I kindly thanke you sir.

Enter Raph.

Raph: Sir: what sir, or what stir haue we here? VVhy ye proud Pagans and Paine nostrams, thinke ye no better of a Prophet than ye would of a Pedlar: and make ye no more account of me than ye doo of a Cobler.

Cont: As thou art.

Raph: As I am? No ye little goosetap God, knowe that God Markedie made me a Prophet, and sent me of a message to the blundring God of the thundring watter, to Mars, to Maua aua aua ars: twill comenere your nose little God I can tell ye.

Cont: Well hold thy peace of that, and let vs hear these Gentlemen dispute.

Raph: V Vill they spout? whereon?

Cont: He of the Court, the other of the Countrey, of the Bookes, that of Battels.

Raph: And I of Prophecie.

Cont: No, thou and I will sit still, and giue our iudgemeets of this controuersie.

Raph: VVell content, but Ile speake my minde when I list, thats flat.

Cont: Sit downe then, Gentlemen when you please begin.

Emm: First I am a Courtier, daily in my Princes eye: which one good of it selfe alone is able to make my Estate aboute all other happy. By it I get wealth, fauor, credit, countenance: on me attend futers, praying, paying, and promising more, than either sometimes they are able to performe, or I at most times expect.

Raph: Thats true, for I was a futer three yere vnto ye for mending your pantables, and I was promist more than I could euer get, or did euer looke for.

Emm: At the entertainment of strangers, who but the Courtier is in braue account? or to the heauenly fellowship of diuine-
est

The Coblers Prophecie.

est beautie, and sweete confort of louely Ladies, who but the Courtier is called? while the Scholler sits all day inueniing syllogismes, the Countrey Gentleman plodding among poore hinds, and this bare souldier here carrowfing among his prating companions.

Soul: Why a souldier of desert (as with no other doo I comfort) can be no lesse than a Gentleman, and some Courtiers are scarce so much. Desert I denie not is oft preferd, but oftner flatterie. Because I am homely clad, you hold me dishonorable; but in this plaine sute haue I been, where you dare not with all your silkes.

Em: V Why I haue been where thou dares not come.

Soul: I thats in the Mercers booke, where I will not come.

Raph: A word with ye Mas souldier.

Soul: Now sir.

Raph: Tis cause the Mercer will not trust ye: for he knowes his booke is as good as a sconce, for yes youle neuer out till you be torne or fired out.

Soul: How ere despised, yet am I a Gentleman, and in the conflict of Arbaces Generall of Persia at Marathon, I rescued the colours of Exotia. I haue had honny words and soine reward; too little to bestow among my maimed souldiers. Souldiers obferue lawes, therein appeares their iustice, at least equalling the scholler: bring Princes to thraldom, than triumphing ouer courtiers: are liberall to giue, wherein for the most they excell the Countrey Gentleman. In brieft, they are the swords of heauan to punish: the salue of heauen to pitie. Of whose number being not the meanest, I thinke my selfe nothing inferior to anye of these Gentlemen.

Raph: But thou hast made manie a Cocke a cuckold by stealing away his Hen.

Countr: Nay my life excelleth all, I in the Countrey liue a King, my Tenaunts (as vassailles) are at my will commaunded: fearfuller I know they are to displease me, than diuers of you Courtiers to offend the Duke. Come there anie asks to be leuied, I touch not mine owne store, for on them I take it: and I

The Coblers Prophecie.

may say to you with some surpluse: my wood they bring
me home, my hay and corne in haruest: their cattell, seruants,
sonnes, and selues, are at my commaund.

Schol: O iure, quaque iniuria.

Raph Nay and you speake Latin, reach me my laste.
Harke ye mas Scholler, harke ye.

The time shall come not long before the doome,
That in despite of Roome,
Latin shall lacke,
And Greeke shall beg with a wallet at his backe.
For all are not sober that goes in blacke.
Goe too scholler, theres a learning for your knacke.

Centr: At my list can I rack their rents, set them to fines, bind
them to forfeits, force them to what I please. If I build, they bee
my labourers: if bargaine, on them I build: and for my good
looke they are content to endure any trauell.

Raph But for all this ill and wrong,
Marke the Coblers song.
The hie hill and the deepe ditch,
VVhich ye digd to make your selues rich,
The chimnies so manie, and almes not anie,
The widowes wofull cries,
And babes in streete that lies,
The bitter sweate and paine
That tenants poore sustaine,
Will turne to your bane I tell ye plaine,
When burning fire shall raine,
And fill with botch and blaine
The sinew and each vaine.
Then these poore that crye,
Being lifted vp on hie,
VVhen you are all forlorne,
Shall laugh you lowd to scorne.
Then where will be the schollers allegories,
VVhere the Lawier with his dilatories,
VVhere the Courtier with his brauerie,

And

The Coblers Prophecie.

And the money monging mate with all his knauerie,
Berthinke me can I no where els,
But in hell where Diues dwels,
But I see ye care not yet,
And thinke these words for me vnfit,
And gesse I speake for lacke of wit:
Stand aside, stand aside, for I am disposed to spit.

Cont: Be quiet Cobler, lets heare the Scholler speake.

Raph I giue him rectoritie: to it.

Schol: V What the Courtier dreamingly possesse, the Countrey Gentleman with curses, and the Souldiour with cares: I quietly enioy without controll. In my studie I contemplate what can be done in batels, & with my pen hurt more than thousands doo with pikes, I strike him that sees me not.

Raph I thought you were a proper man of your hands to come behinde one.

Schol: I see the height of heauen.

Raph But thou makest no hast thither.

Schol: I view the depth of hell.

Raph Is there anie roome in hell for curst wiues and Coblers shops.

Scholler: Content is my Landlorde, peace and quiet are my companions, I am not with the Courtier bound to daunce attendance; nor with the Countriman binde I others to attende on mee. I possesse pleasure more than mortall, and my contemplation is onely of the life immortall.

Courtier: But you would bee glad to creepe in credit in the Court Scholler, and not be curious of the meanes, for all your coynesse.

Scholl: I will not acquaint you fir with my intent, for they are fooles that in secret affaires are too familiar, know this, that I intend to awaite occasion.

Soldier: Faith Master Scholler yet it stands not with your protestation.

Countrie Gentleman: Nor with you Soldier to be thus blunt after your rude fashion.

Soldiers

The Cables Propheſie.

Soul: Alas ſir, you muſt needes be excellent for Piers & Plaine your poore tenants pray for ye: their bread and cheefe is ſeldom denied to anie, when your ſmall beere iſt carſe common to manie. You know what wil be made of a fat oxe as well as the Graſſier, of the tallowe as well as the Butcher, of a tod of wooll as well as the Stapler,

Countr: VVhat hath any man to doe what I doe with mine owne?

S. Talls thine owne that comes in thy hands,

Countr: Sir you would make enough of it in yours to,

Soul: I maſter Courtier, thats to deale as you doe,

Schol: This ſouldier is as rough as if he were in the field,

Soul: VVhere you would be as tame,

Cont: Haſt a proud hart though a beggers habit,

Soul: VVhere frequent this habit ſerues my turne: and as goodly a fight were it to ſee you there in your ſilkes, as the ſchollers ſkirmiſhing in his long gown, or the countrey Gentleman riding on a fat Oxe with a mole ſpade on his necke,

Raph VVhat, riding running, brauing, bralling,

Allee ye paſſe not for Prophets calling:

Therefore I will not bee ſo mad,

To caſt Pearles to ſwine ſo bad.

Countr: Préthee Raph ſtay a little,

Raph: Little little ſeeing God, I ſhall ſee you in a ſpittle. *Ex.*

Con: Your diſputation being done Gentlemen, which hath highly contented mee? what will yenow doo?

Emm: Marty we will all to the eightene pence Ordinary, how ſay ye Gentlemen?

Countr: No ſir, not I, tis too deere by my faith,

Schol: VVhy you ſhall be my gueſt for this once. How ſay ye you maſter ſouldier?

Soul: No ſir I muſt turne one of your meales into three.

And euerie one a ſufficient banquet for me.

Cour: Faith and you had kept your newes vntill now, yee ſhould haue bin my gueſt, for your talke would haue ſerud well for the table.

Soul:

The Coblers Prophecie.

Soul: Thats a practise of thine owne arte : it makes thy companie borne withall, where otherwise thou wert no fit guest, for tales at some tables are as good as testerns.

Cont: Nay then I perceiue yee grow choilericke, come sirs,

They proffer to goe in.

Cont. VVhy Gentlemen, no farewell to your little God.

All three: Suffice it without vaine Ceremonies we shew our selues dutifull.

Cont: I is enough, fare yee well.

Exeunt Courtier, Scholler, Countrie.

Contempt: Now souldier, what wilt thou doe?

Sould: Faith sirs I may.

Cont: VVilt thou serue me, and doe as I will thee, and thou shalt not want.

Sould: No: for if thy name be Contempt as the Scholler said, I abhorre and despise thee.

Cont: Euen as the child doth wormes feed hid in Raisons, which of it selfe he cannot brooke : so thou canst not abide my name, but louest my nature: for proude, wanting liuing rayst on the City, greest at the country, yea grudgeest at the King himselfe: thou saist thou art going to thy Patron Mars with a supplication for bettering thy estate, and how, by war: wher how many rapes, wrongs and murders are committed, thy selfe be iudge, all which thou esteemest not off, so thy owne want be supplied.

Sould: Contempt herein thou reasonest like thy selfe,
Base minded men / know there are in field,
That doe delight in muider, rape and blood,
As there are tares in corne and weeds with flowers,
And enuious snakes among the fleeting fish :
But for the noble souldier, he is iust
To punish wrongs, protect the innocent,
VVeaken the tyrant, and confirme the right,
VVant cannot make him basely mutinous,
VVealth cannot make him proudly inso'ent,
In honourable thoughts dwell his content,
And he is foe to all that loue contempt.

C

Cont:

The Coblers Prophecie.

Contempt: Then Saterost thou art no mate for mee. *Exit.*

Souldier: No, Vpstart scorners are fit slaues for thee. *Exit.*

*Enter Clio, Melpomine, and Thalia: Clio with a penknife,
Melpomine being idle, Thalia writing.*

Thalia: Clio a pen.

Clio: Both pen and quill I misse.

Thalia: One Elstridge penne yet in my penner is,

Quickly take that and make a pen for me.

Melpomine: The feathers of a gluttonous bird shew what the wearers be.

Thalia: Melpomine lend me a pen.

Melpom: Mine pierce too hard for your writing.

Enter Raph Cobler.

Thalia: Quickly a pen, ha, ha, fond foolish men.

Raph: Foole: no foole neither though none of the wisest Dame,
But a Prophet one of Merlins kinde I am.

Mil: Art thou a Prophet, whats thy name?

Raph: Raph Cob.

Clio: Ier, speake out.

Raph: Ye ha it yfaith.

that: A pen a pen in hast,

That I may write this Pageant ere it be past.

Raph: Comes there a Pageant by, Ile stand out of the greene
mens way for burning my vestment.

that: A pen good Clio, fie how ye make me stay.

Clio: Make shift a while you shall haue this straight way.

Raph: If I had a pen as I haue none,

For I vse no such toole,

Thou shouldst haue none an it,

For at my first comming thou caldst me foole.

that: A pen a pen, it will be gone incontinent.

Clio: Hold theres thy pen.

Raph:

The Coblers Prophecie.

Raph: But are you the Gods of the Scriuencers, that you make pens so fast throw we.

Enter souldier.

Clia: O sisters shift we are betraid,
Another man I see.

Souldier: A silly man at your commaund,
Be not afraid of me.

Raph: No, no, tis the souldier, heele doo yee no hurt I warrant yee.

Melpom: To see a man come in this place,
It is so strange to vs,

As we are to be held excusde,
That are amazed thus.

But art thou a souldier?

Sould: Yea Lady.

Mel: the better welcome vnto me,

tha: Not so to me.

Raph: And what am I?

tha: Be whist a while, Ile tell thee by and by.

Raph: thats some mends yet for calling of me foole.

Sould: thanks Ladies for your curtesies, but the sight of three
such Goddesses on the sodaine, hath driven mee into certaine
muses.

Eccho: certaine muses.

Soul: Especially being alone so solitarie in this wood.

Eccho: In this wood.

Raph: Harke souldier some body mocks thee.

Eccho: Moes thee.

Raph: Mocks me much,

Eccho: Much.

Soul: Hold thy peace good Raph.

Eccho: Good Raph.

Raph: Raph, thats my name indeede,
But how shall I call thee?

Eccho: I call thee.

Raph: Dost thou: Mas and Ile come to thee, and

The Coblers Prophecie.

I knew where thou art,

Eccho: Thou art,

Raph: Art: faith and thou be as pretty a wench as any of these three, my mad wife shall neuer know that I play a mad part,

Eccho: Part.

Raph: Part: Ile come.

Eccho: Come.

Raph: Faith and I will, haue at thee.

Exit.

Mel: Thus are we well rid of one that would haue troubled our talke: and this artificiall eccho, hath told thee what we are: certaine muses dwelling in this wood, in number twice so many more as we be here.

Sould: Your names good Ladies?

Melp: Mine Melpomine, hirs Clio, this that writes Thalia.

Sould: Might I without offence intreate three things, I should be greatly bound.

Melp: VVe will not denie thee three things, that can participate to thee thousands.

Sould: First would I request of this Ladic, whether she write with this Estridge quill of purpose, or for want of other.

Tha: Somewhat for want, but especially of purpose: the men which now doe minister me matter to write, are nere of the nature of the Estridge: who hauing the bodie of a bird, hath the head of a beast: she is greedy, deuouring and digesting al things, and builds hir nest in sand: so are my worldlings, bodied and feathered as birds to flie to heauen, but headed as beasts to imagine beastly thinges on earth: downe to the which their Camels necks doe draw their verie noses: greedy are they deuouring the Orphanes right, and digesting the widdowes wrongs, Foolish, forgettul and froward, but ding their nest on sand, which the winde of heauens wrath or water of worldly affliction doth scatter and wash away. Thus art thou answered for the first, demand the rest.

So: Next Ladies why doo you twaine stand idle, and let Thalia take the paine.

Mel: On geeres and gets the world is onely set,

For

The Coblers Propheſſe.

For me there is no worke no tragicke ſcene,

Battails are done, the people liue in reſt;

They ſhed no teares but are ſecure paſt meane,

Sould: V Vhy lend you not Thalia then ſome pens?

Mel: My pens are too too ſharpe to ſit hir ſtile,

I ſhall haue time to vſe them in a while.

Sould: But gentle Clio, me thinks your inke is dry.

Cleo: It may be well, I haue done writing I,

Sould: V Vhat did you regiſter when you did write?

Clio: the works of famous Kings, and ſacred Priests,

The honourable Aets of leaders braue,

The deeds of C odri, and Horatij.

The loue Licurgus bore to Spartans ſtate,

The liues of auuncient Sages and their ſawes,

Their memorable works, their worthy lawes.

Now there is no ſuch thing for to indite

But toyes, that fits thalia for to write.

Sould: A heauie tale good Lady you vnfold,

Are there no worthie things to write as were of old.

Cleo: Yes diuers Princes make good lawes,

But moſt men ouer ſlip them.

And diuers dying giue good gifts,

But their executors nip them.

Mel: riſiphone is ſtepping to the ſtage, and ſhe hath ſworne
to whip them.

Son: the third and laſt thing I require is if you can:

ſhew me the mightie Mars | is court.

Mel: V Valke hence a ſlight ſhoot vp the hill,

And thou ſhalt ſee his caſtle wall.

Soul: Ladies the gifts that I can giue,

Is humbly thrice to thanke you all.

Exit.

Mel: Farewell pore ſouldier.

Clio: Thalia now wee are alone, tel vs what pageant twas you
cald for pens euen now ſo haſtely, to end?

Tha: Twas thus: *You know the Gods long ſince ſent downe,*
Pleaſure from heauen to comfort men on earth,

The Coblers Prophecie.

Pleasure abuzde in country Court and towne,
By speeches, gestures, and dishonest mirth,
Made humble sure that he to heauen might passe
Againe, from world where he so wronged was.
His sure obtained, and ready he to clime,
Sorrow comes incaking and performs his deede,
Snatches his Roabe, and euer since that time,
Tis paine that masks disguise in pleasures weede.
The Pageant's thus, with colt and cunning trim,
that worldlings welcome Paine in steede of him.
Loath was I that vnpend one iote of this should goe,
Because I smile to see for weale, how sweetly men shall woe.

Melpo: Woe is the first word I must write, beginning where
you end.

I haue incke inough and pens good store.

Clio: Perhaps the world will mend.

Mel: I would it would.

Clio: VVhy if it should you faile in your account.

Thalia: then you perhaps will haue some worke.

Clio: Tush come lets mount the Mount. *Exeunt.*

Enter Raph Cobler whooping.

Ra: VVaha how, wa how, holla how whoop: Did no body
see the mocking sprite, I am sure I haue followed her vp and
downe all this day crying and calling while my throat is hoarse
againe. Ile coniure her too but tis in vaine, for knowledge hath
knockt that in the braine, but be it diuel or be it spright, Ile call
againe to haue a fight. Ya ha how: Nay Ile call againe,

Enter Charon.

Charon: Againe, I and againe too, I throw,

VVhat might and day no rest but row?

Come if thou wilt goe ouer Styx,

For if thou stay a while I thinke,

There will come so many my boate will sinke,

Ra: Ouer stix I and ouer stones,

Heres a question for the nonce,

VVhy what art thou I pray thee tell?

VVhy

The Coblers Prophecie.

C: V Vhy Charon Ferriman of hell.

Ra: V Vhy what a diuel doo *I* with thee?

Three or foure within: A boate, a boate, a boate.

C: Harke what a coile they keepe, come if thou wilt to hell with mee.

A small voice: A boate, a boate, a boate.

Ra: This should bee the voice of a woman, comes women thither too.

C: why men & women euery houre, *I* know not what to do.

A great voice: A Boate, a Boate, a Boate.

Ra: This should be the voice of some great man.

C: V Vhy Popes and Prelates, Princes and Iudges more than *I* number can,

But the couetous misers they fret me to the gall,

I thinke they bring their money to hell,

For they way the diuel and all.

Ra: Mas and may well be, for theres little money stirring on the earth.

A voice hostile: Charon a boate, a boate, Ile pay thee well for thy hire.

C: V Vhy what art thou that makst such hast?

voice: The Ghost of a gray Frier.

So troubled with Nunnes as neuer Frier was,

Therefore good Charon let me be first,

That ouer the Foord shall pas.

C: Come sirra, thou hearst what a calling they keep wilt thou goe?

Ra: V Vhy Charon this calling makes thee mad *I* gesse,

V Vhy *I* am no spirite but liuing Raph,

And God Markedie sends me of busines.

Ch: rish, if thou be sent of God, we cannot hold thee farwel.

Enter Codrus.

Codr: Yet gentle Charon carrie mee?

Ch: thee? V Vhy what art thou, that liuing suelt to go to hell?

Codr: The wretchedst man of wretches most that in this wretched world doth dwell:

Dispisde;

The Coblers Prophecie.

Dispisde, disdaine, starue, whipt and scornd,
Prest through dispaire my selfe to quell,
I therefore couet to behol'd if greater torment be in hell:

All the voices, A bote, a bote, a bote.

Cba: I come, I come.

Rap: Nay I prethee let them tarrie and harken to the pore.

Cha: Codrus I cannot helpe thee now, and yet I wish thee wel,
Theres scarcely roome enough for rich,
So that no pore can come to hell.

But when the ditch is digged downe as cleane as is the wall
that parted hel and purgatorie, then if thou chaunce to cal:

Because I see as thou art pore thou art impatient,
To carry thee quickly vnto hell Codrus ile be content.

And now the time will not bee long, for theis commission gone
For workemē, that haue power to make Elysium & Limbo one,
And there are shipwrights sent for too, to build me vp a bigger
A bote said *R:* nay a whole hulke: (bote,

And that the same may safely flote,

Cocytus, Lethe, Phlegeton

Shal al be digged into Styx:

For where one wont to come to hell;

I tel thee now comes fiue or sixe.

For ignorance that wont to be,

Is wilful blis now become.

So thou must come when roome is made,

I tel thee yet there is no roome.

Raph: I pre thee tel me one thing.

Ch: That I wil Raph whats the matter?

Rap: Charon why doth thy face looke so black, and thou vse
so much the water?

Cha: O, night was my mother, this is hir marke,
I cannot wash it off. Codrus farewell.

Co: Charon Adieu.

Exit.

Ra: Botesman?

Ch: Hagh.

Exit.

Ra: Theres a scoffe, thats a waterman indeed.

VVell

The Coblers' Prophecie.

VVell I must to God Mars for all this,
I would I could meete my souldier agen.

Exit.

Enter Emnius Courtier solus.

Emn : Euen as the Eagle soares against the sunne,
And spite of Phoebus shine, pries in his face;
Euen as the swordfish meetes the mighty VVhale,
And puts the hugie monster to disgrace,
So Emnius thoughts intending to aspire
Sore against the sunne, and fleete in wrathfull yre:

The Duke the sunne that dazles Emnius eyes,
The Duke the hugie VVhale that ouer-bears mee,
But I will gaze and blinde him too ere long,
And play the swordfish though he little feares mee.

The lesse suspected sooner shall I strike him,
And this my reason is for I mislike him.

His Daughter with inticing words is woone mine owne,
But I disdaine her were shee fairer farre:

Tush tis for rule I cast and Princely throne,
The state of Prince, brighter than brightest starre.

And who doth hinder Emnius but the Duke?

And therefore who should perish but the Duke?

Shortly a solemne hunting he intends,

And who but I is put in chiefeest trust?

VVell Ile be trustie if my Pistol hold,

In loue and kingdomes *Ioue* will prooue vniust.

He dead, I wed his Heire and onely Daughter,

And so shall winne a Crowne by one mans slaughter,

Suppose he haue beene kinde, liberall and free,

VVhy I confesse it, but its my desire,

To be as able to bestow as hee,

And till I can my hart consume in fire.

O soueraigne glory, chiefeest earthly good,

A Crowne / to which who would not wade through blood.
then ruthles of his life doo I resolute,

The Coblers Prophecie.

To wait my time till I haue wrought his end,
He dies, the Duke shall die, and Emnius raigue,
VVer he my father or a dearer friend.

Tearcs shall not hinder, prayers shall not intreate mee,
But in his throne by blood I soone will seate mee.

*Enter Souldier, Raph, Mars his lame Porter in rustie
armour, and a broken bill, the Herrald with
a pensill and colours.*

Raph: Art thou one of God Mars his traine?
Alas good father thou art lame,
To be a souldier farre vnlustie,
Thy beard is gray thy armour rustie,
Thy bill I thinke be broken too.

Porter: Friend make not thou so much adoo,
My lamenes comes by warre,
My armours rustines comes by peace,
A maimed souldier made Mars his Porter,
Lo this am I: now questioning cease.

Raph: And what are you? A Painter with your pensill and
your colours braue?

Her: No Painter but a Herrald sirrha to decipher a Gentle-
man from a knaue.

Raph: Pray sir, can yee Gentleman and knaue it both in one
man, and yee can sir, I pray you doo it in me.

Her: Indeed I cannot in thy selfe,
For all is knaue that is in thee.

Raph: Sing one two and thre, sing after mee,
And so shall we right well agree.

Soul: Sir take no heed what he doth say,
His foolish humor you doo see,
But tell me pray are you a Herrald.

Her: I am.

Soul: I shou'd haue rather tooke you to haue beene,
Appelles prentise, you were with colours so provided.

The Coblers Prophecie.

In auntient times haue Heralds beene esteemd,
And held companions for the greatest Kings,
Augustus Caesar made a law, so did Antonius too,
That without Heralds graue aduice Princes shoulde nothing
doo.

Her: VVell then was then, these times are as they be.
VVe now are faine to wait who growes to wealth,
And come to beare some office in a towne,
And we for money help them vnto Armes,
For what cannot the golden tempter doe?

Sould: A lamentable thing it is, but tell vs *I*ntreate,
V Where might we finde adored Mars.

Her: From hence sir you to Venus Court must passe,
Adowne the hill, the way is steepe, smooth, sleeke as any glasse,
Goe by the dore of Dalliance, and if you there him mis
Aske Nicenes for she best can tell where hir faire Lady is?
Both day and night the dores are ope,

The strongest closet dore is but of fethers made,
Rush boldly in, stand not to aske and neuer be afraide.

Soul. At Venus Court sir doe you say that Mars is to be found?

Por: Gentleman we haue told yee truth although vnto our
harts it be a wound,

For searching as wee bid you sir,
No doubt a wondrous hap,
But you shall finde God Mars a sleepe,
On Lady Venus lap.

This one thing more, you cannot come

The way you thither passe:

Tis dangerous, the hills too steepe and slipperie all as glasse.
Take this of me, the fairest way from Venus Court is beggerie.
There are more waies, but they are worse and threaten more ex-
tremitie.

Her: I that for such as thither passe,
Of pleasure and of will:
But these for other purpose goe,
Doubt therefore sir no ill,

The Coblers Prophecie.

Soul: I thanke you both that haue vs warned by your skill.

Ra: I and He end with a Propheciefor your good will:

You thinke it is a pleasant iest,
to tell the times of peace and rest,
But hee that liues to ninetie nine,
Into the hundreds shall decline,
Then shall they speake of a strange time:
For it will be a woondrous thing,
to see a Carter lodge with a King.
Townes shall be vnpeopled scene,
And markets made vpon the greene:
This will be as true I tell yee all,
As Coblers vse the thred and nall.
And so because that all men are but morter,
I leaue the paltrie Herralld and the Porter.

Soul: I pre thee come away, Gentlemen with thanks I take
my leaue.

Her: Adiew good fit.

Por: Farewell vnto you both,

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Contempt and Venus.

Con: Come Lady Loue, now bore we Mars, thou mine I thinke
beloude.

Venus: Ah my Contempt it will be spide too soone,
So shall our pleasures haue a bitter end.
Prouide some place for I am big with childe,
And cleane vndone if Mars my guilt espie.

Cont: Sweet Venus be assurde, I haue that care
But you perchaunce will coylye scorne the place.

Venus: What ist some Abbie or a Munnerie?

Con: No they abound with much hypocrisie.

Ven: Is it a Gentlemans or a Farmers house?

Con: Too much resort would there bewray your being.

Venus:

The Coblers Propheſie.

Ve. Some Huſbandmands, ſome Inne, ſome cleanly ale-houſe,

Con: Neither of theſe, a Spittlelouely Loue.

Ven: What where ſoule Lazers and loathed Lepors lie,
Their ſinke will chooke thy Venus and hir babe.

Con: Why gentle Venus I intreat yee be not ouer nice,
What thinke ye as the Prouerb goes that beggers haue no lice?
Procters themſelues in euerie Spittle houſe,
Haue things as neate, as men of more account.

Ven: But I haue ſcene euen verie meane mens wiues,
Agaiſt their child-birth ſo provide for,
As all their huſbands wealth was ſcarce the worth
Of the ſine linne vſed in that month.
And ſhall not Venus be as kindlie viſde.

Con: It muſt be as we may, He goe provided
And pic my time flylie to ſcale thee hence.

Exit.

Venus: Awaie for Mars is come,

Enter Mars.

Welcome God Mars, where hath my loue bin all this while?

Mars: Walking about th garden time for to beguile.

V Vheras between niſenes your maide & newfangle your man,
I heard ſuch ſport as for your part, would you had bin there than,
Quoth niſenes to new fangle thou art ſuch a Jacke,
That thou deuifeſt fortie faſhions for my Ladies backe.
And thou quoth he art ſo poſſeſt with euerie fantike toy,
That following of my Ladies humor thou doſt make hir coy,
For once a day for faſhion ſake my Lady muſt be ſicke,
No meat but mutton or at moſt the pinion of a chicke,
To day hir owne haire beſt becomes which yellow is as gold,
A perriwigs better for to morrow, blacker to behod.
To day in pumps and cheuerill gloues, to walke ſhe wil be bold.
To morrow cuſſes and countenance for feare of catching cold.
Now is thee barefaſt to be ſcene, ſtraight on hir muſſer goes,
Now is thee huſt vp to the crowne, ſtraight nuſled to the noſe.
Theſe ſeven yeares truſt me better ſport I heard not to my mind,
The Dialogue done, then downe came I my Lady Loue to finde.
Venus: And thou haſt found hir all alone, half ſickly by ill hap

The Coblers Prophecie.

Sit for a while Mars and lay thy head vpon my lap,
I see my folks behinde my backe haue much good talke of mee,

Mars: And so they haue.

Venus: They are too Idle: soft Mars doe you see,

Mars: I see some sawcie mates presse in: Nowe sirs what
would you haue?

Sat: Be not offended sir, we seeke God Mars.

Mars: VVhy and Mars haue you found sir, whats your will
with him?

Raph: Are you he I cry you mercie, I promise you I tooke you
for a morris dauncer you are so trim.

Mars: VVhat sayes the villaine?

Sa: If thou be Mars, the cause which makes me doubt, is that I see
thy bodie lapt in soft silke which was wont to bee clad in hard
steele, and thy head so childishlie laid on a womans lap. Pardon
I humbly beseech thee, the plainnes of thy poore seruant, and
vouchsafe to read my poore petition.

*He deliueres the petition, Mars takes and reads it, means
while Venus speaks.*

Venus: Rough shaped souldier enemy to loue,
VVhy dost thou thirst so much for bloody warre,
wherein the strong man by a stronger queld,
Or reacht far off by dastard darters arme,
Breathes forth his spirite with a bootcles cry,
Leauing behinde his earths anatomic:
By warre the Infant trampled vnder steeds,
Holds to his mother out his feeble hand,
And she is rauisht while hir yongling bleeds.
Yet to abide deaths stroake doth quaking stand.
The twice forst virgin like the wounded lambe,
Deiectd at the mercie of the wolfe,
Holds vp hir throat in vaine to bloody men,
That will not kill hir while hir beautie stayeth,
But stab her when her teares her faire decayeth:
Away thou bloody man, vex not my Lord,
By warre true loue is hindred and yndone,

And

The Coblers Prophecie.

And Ladies laps left emptie of their loues,
whose heads did beautifie their tender knees.

Raph: You need not plaine your laps full inough:

Sould: Faire Venus be propitious *I* will fight
to maintaine true loue and defend the right,

Venus: On that condition souldier *I* am won,
Receauie this fauour, Mars let it be done.

Mars: Sateros, *I* haue receiued thy supplication, and sorrow
I cannot as *I* would giue thee immediat comfort. If *I* should
oppose my selfe against the Gods, they would soone set fire on
my seat, Sixe double vs there are, three at libertie, three impriso-
ned, and one their keeper: at libertie, wilines, wrong and wan-
ronnes, in prison, are warre wreake and woe, their keeper is won-
der; who once giuing way to libertie for those he holds; shall set
thee and thy fellowes on worke: in meane time goe thou to the
Duke of Boeotia, commend vs to him, when he can he will im-
ploy thee *I* am sure, let that be thy answere for this time, and so
good Sateros be contented.

Sat: *I* humbly take my leaue adored Mars,
Proue a good night Rauens Venus *I* intreat.

Venus: Farewell pore souldier weare that for my sake,

Sa: Of both your Godheads dutious leaue *I* take.

Venus: And when goe you sir?

Rabb: VWho? Good Lord there hangs a matter by?

Mars: why what are you? get gone or *I* will send thee gone.

Raph: *I* pray you beare a while, gentle master mine,
And you shall heare my in speech *I* warrant?

Venus: Goe too sir foole, lets heare what you can say?

Raph: And shall *I* warrant yee to your cost my Lady do-little,

*It says though thou be a Cocke of the game,
that wontst to croe by day,
And with thy sharpned spurres
the crauen Cockes didst kill and slay:
Sith now thou dost but prune thy wings,
and make thy fethers gay:*

The Coblers Prophecie,
A dunghill Cocke that croes by night,
shall lylie thee betray,
And tread thy Hen, and for a time
shall carrie her away.
And she by him shall hatch a Chicke,
this Countrey to decay.
And for this pretie Pullets name
thou shalt the better learne:
When thou shalt onelie letters fine
within one name discerne,
Three vowels and two consonants,
which vowels if thou scan,
Doth sound that which to enerie place
conducteth enerie man.
Then call to minde this Prophecie,
for thats the bastards name:
Then rouse thy selfe, then reach thy sword,
and win thy wonted fame.

Now haue I done the taske for which I came,
And so farewell fine Master and nice Dame.

Exit.

Mars rises in a rage, Venus offers to stae him.

Mars: A dunghill cocke to tread my hen?
Breake forth yee hangrie powers,
And fill the world with bloodied and with rage.

Venus: My Lord, my Loue.

Mars: Venus I am abused.

Venus: VVhy will yee trust a foole when he shall speake,
And take his words to be as Oracles?

Mars: But hee hath tucht me neere, and Ile reuenge.

Venus: Aye mee!

Reuenge true Louers wrongs immortall powers,
And nere let Lady trust a souldier.

Make as if shee swounds.

VVhy

The Coblers Prophecie.

Mars. VVhy faintst thou Venus? why art thou distressed?
Looke vp my loue, speake Venus, speake to me.

Venus: Nay let me die, sith Mars hath wronged me.

Mars: Thou hast not wrongd me, Mars beleuees it not.

Venus: Yes, yes, base Coblers vtter Oracles,
And al are sooth fast words against pore Loue,

Mars: I will belecue no words, they are all false:
Onely my Venus is as bright as heauen,
And firmer than the poles that hold vp heauen.

Venus: Now comes your loue too late, first haue you slaine
Her whome your honny words cannot recure againe.

Mars: I will doe pennance on my knees to thee,
And beg a kisse, that haue bin so vnkinde,

Venus: And know you not, vnkindnes kills a woman?

Mars: I know it doth? sweet forgiue my fault.

Venus: I will forgiue ye now ye beg so hard,
But trust me next time Ile not be intreated.

Ma: Now hast thou cheard my drooping thoughts sweet loue,

Let me lay downe my head vpon thy knee,

Sing one sweet song, thy voice will rauish me.

Venus: Follie come forth.

Enter Follie.

Follie: Anone forsooth.

Venus: Bid Nicenes, Newfangle, Dalliance and the rest bring
forth their Musicke Mars intends to sleepe.

Follie: I will forsooth.

Exit Follie.

Mars: I thinke in deede that I shall quickly sleepe,
Especially with Musicke and with song.

*Enter Follie with a Fife, Nicenes, Newfangle, Dalliance, and
Jealozie with instruments, they play vvhile Venus sings.*

Sweet are the thoughts that harbor full content,

Delight full be the ioyes that knowe no care:

The sleeps are sound that are from dreames exempt,

Yet in cheefe sweetes lies hid a secret snare,

E

Where

The Coblers Prophecie.

*Where loue is wacht by prying jealous eyes,
It fits the loued to be warts wise.*

Follie: Peepe, peepe, Maddam he is a sleeper!

Enter Contempt, and kisse Venus.

*Sing: Sleepe on secure, let care not touch thy hart,
Leaue to loue hir, that longs to liue in change,
So wantons deale, when they their saires impart
Rome thou abroad for I intend to range:*

*Yet wantons learne to guide your rouling eies,
As no suspect by gazing may arise.*

*Venus: Hold on your Musicke, Follie leaue thy play,
Come hither lay his head vpon thy knee.
Fie what a loathed load was he to me.
Come my Content, lets daunce about the place,
And mocke God Mars vnto his sleepe face.
Cou: Venus agreed, play vs a Galliard.*

*Musicke plaies, they daunce, and leaue oner Mars, and making
hornes at euerie turne, at length leaue him.*

*Mars: Why sings not Venus? hir loue I to heare,
Sweet let the Fife be further from mine care.*

*Follie holds still the Fife.
Nay let the Fife play, els the Musicke failes.*

Follie plaies againe.

*What still so nere my care, sweet Venus sing.
Sing: where is she?*

Out foole, what dous my head vpon thy knee?

Follie: Forsooth my Mistris bid me.

*Mars: Wheres Venus, speake ye ribalds, harlots, fooles,
And neuer speake againe except I see hir:*

Mars is impatient, finde out Venus soone.

Exeunt duo.

Or perrish slaues, before my angrie wrath.

Follie: Nay a ladie, Follie will liue for all you.

Mars: Away yee foole, tell Venus of my rage.

And

The Coblers Prophecie.

And bid hir come to Mars that now begins,
To doubt the Coblers Prophecie.

Exit Follie.

Enter Newfangle, and Dalliance.

New: My Lord we cannot finde hir any where.

Mars: Hence villaines, seeke the garden, search each place,
Mars will not suffer such abhord disgrace.

Enter Follie.

Wheres Venus Follie, prethee tell me soole:

Follie: Forsooth shees lun away wid a man called Contempt.

Mars: What hath Contempt robd mightie Mars of loue?
Hence fooles and flatterers, flie you from my sight,
Mars with a kindled fire begins to burne,
Away yee helhounds, Ministers of shame,
Vanish like smoke, for you are lighter farre,

All runne away.

Gainst wantonnes proclaime I open warre.

Vnconstant women I accuse your sexe,

Of Follie, lightnes, trecherie and fraud,

You are the scum of ill, the scorne of good,

The plague of mankind, and the wrath of heauen,

The cause of enuie, anger, murder, warre,

By you the peopled townes are deserts made:

The deserts fild with horror and distress.

You laugh Hiena like, weepe as the Crocodile,

One ruine brings your sorrow and your smile,

Hold on in lighnes, lust hath kindled fire,

The trumpets clang and roaring noise of Drums,

Shall drowne the ecchoes of your weeping cries,

And powders smoke dim your enticing eyes.

These wanton ornaments for maskers fit,

Will Mars leaue off, and sute himselfe in Steele,

And strumpet Venus with that vile Contempt.

The Coblers Prophecie.

I will pursue vnto the depth of hell.
Away with pittie, welcome Ire and Rage,
VVhich nought but Venus ruine shall assuage.

Exit.

Enter the Duke, Sateros, the Scholler, and Raph Coblery

Duke. Well doe I like your reasoning Gentlemen,
You for your learning, Sateros for Act,
The learned is preferre, the souldier shall not want,
But Sateros, yee must forbear a while,
I cannot yet employe as I would;
Meane time attend the Court you shall haue pay
To my abillitie and your content.

Sat: Thanks to your highnes.

Duke: Scholler lead him in.

Be kinde to him he is a souldier,
Attend vpon vs to our hunting Sateros,
VVe must haue pleasant warre anon with beafts.

Withdraw Sateros and Scholler

Raph: VVhen will these fellowes make an end.

Duk: Depart my frends, I haue a little busines
VVith this pore man that doth attend to speake with me.

Exeunt Scholler and Sateros.

Fellow what is it thou wilt now reueale?

Raph: You are the Duke of all this land,
And this I wish yee vnderstand;
That Princes giue to many bred
VVhich with them shorter by the head.
You haue a Courtier Emnius namde,
whose flattering tongue hath many blamde.
He lowteth low doth fawne and kneele,
Your worthy meaning for to feele.

The Coblers Prophecie.

And quaintly romes your perion nie,
willing to see it fall and die.
You haue a Daughter faire and trim,
He loueth her and she loues him.
Yet as the Fox doth win the Kid,
So are his secret treasons hid:
He dares not once his passions moue,
For feare your highnes should reprove,
Yet is it not your Daughter deare,
That he desires so faite and cleare:
He couereth your dignitie,
And therefore this intenderh hee.
To day you meane to hunt in wood,
And for he doth pretend no good:
He hath with shot intended ill,
And meanes your noble Grace to kill:
I that desire for to explaine,
The manner of your Graces paine.
Giue counsell ete the deed be done,
That you may al deceiuing shun:
I see that Emnius commeth nie,
My protestation quickly trie,
And if you finde as I haue saide,
that you should be by him betraide:
Remember Raph the Cobling knaue,
You warning of this mischiefe gaue,
So leaue I you to search the slaue. *Duo*

Enter Emnius the Courtier.

Emnius: My honorable Lord, the traine attends,
All things are readie for your highnes sport:
And I am sent from other of estate,
To pray your Grace to hast your wonted presence.

Duke: Emnius they must attend a while,
For I haue secrets to impart with thee:

The Coblers Prophecie.

Emnius: Say on my Honorable Lord to me,

Duke: Thou knowst we must vnto the wood.

Emnius. True my most Gracious Lord,

Duke. Suppose there were a traitrous foe of mine,
VVhat wouldst thou doe to rid me from my feare?

Emnius: Dy on the traitor, and prepare his graue,
Before he should one thought of comfort haue.

Duk: But tell me Emnius, didst thou see a tree,
That bore faire fruites delighting to the eye,
And by the straightnes of the trunke they grow too hie,
wouldst thou oppose thy selfe against the tree,
And worke the downefall ere the fall should be.

Emnius. I would regard no hight to claime the fruit
That should content me, but attempt to clime
The highest top of hight, or fall to death,
Alone and naked to obtaine my will.

Duke. I am right ioyous you are so resolute,
Such Courtiers should become a noble Prince,
But tell me Emnius had I any foe,
that secretly attempted my distresse,
what secret weapon haue yee to preuent?

Emnius. Onely my sword my Lord, that is my rest,
My resolution to defend your Grace.

Duke: And haue you not a Dag to help me too.

Emnius: A Dag my Lord?

Duke: I man denie it not,
I know ye haue a Dag preparte for mee.

Emn: I haue a Dag not for your Maiestie.

The Duke takes it from him.

Du: Yes Emnius poure thy selfe into thy selfe,
And let thy owne eies be thy harts true witnes,
wearst thou this Dag to iniure any beast?
Bearst thou these bullets for a toemans life?
Or art thou bent against thy loyall Lord,
to reauce his life that giues thee life and breath?

Em: Gainst beasts my Lord doth Emnius like to deale,
He is not so beastlelic and abhominat,

The Coblers Prophecie.

As he delights to ioy in trecherie,

Du. So smiles Hiena, when she will beguile,
And so with teares deceiues the Crocodile,
Are not these tooles prepared for my end?
Speake ill intending man, Ah Emnius?
Haue I for this maintained thy estate,
Affoorded all the fauours I could yeeld,
To be rewarded with ingratitude,
with murder, trecherie, and these attempts?
And all in hope to win my realme and childe.
I will not shew thy sinne vnto the world,
But as thou didst intend, so shalt thou fall.

Emnius kneeles downe.

Receiue thy death, desertfull man of death,
and perriish all thy trecherous thoughts with thee.

Em: welcome my death, desertfull I confesse,
Heauens Pardon my intent, your highnes blesse.

The Duke raises him vp.

Du: Heauens pardon thy intent, and so doe I,
Be true hereafter, now thou shalt not die.
Come follow vs Emnius, learne to know this lore;
Murder of meanest men brings shame, of Princes more.

Exit.

Em: O that same Cobling Rogue that rauiug runs,
and madding aimes at euerie hid intent,
Reueald this practise, but Ile stab the slaue,
and he once dead the Dukes death will I haue.

Exit.

*Enter Mercurie with a Trumpet sounding, and two of Venus
waiting maids, the one named Ru, the other Ina, Ina bearing a
Child.*

Aler: Be it knowne vnto all people, that whereas Venus *alias*
Iust, hath long challenged a preheminance in heauen, and been
adored with the name of a Goddesse, the Sinode of the Gods
being assembled, in regard of hir adulteries with Mars, discou-
red

The Coblers Prophecie.

red by Phoebus, when in the face of heauen, they both were taken in an yron net; wherein hir wrong to Vulcan was apparant; and since that, many other escapes considered. But lastly and most especially, her publike adulterie she hath committed with that base monster Contempt they haue all consented, and to this decree firmed; that no more shall Venus possesse the title of a Goddesse, but be vtterly excluded the compasse of heauen: and it shalbe taken as great indignitie to the Gods to giue Venus any other title than the detested name of lust, or strumpet Venus: And whosoever shall adore Contempt or intertaine him, shalbe reputed an enemy to the Gods. More, it is decreed that warre shalbe raysed against Boetia, and victorie shall not fall on their side, till the Cabbin of Contempt be consumed with fire. Giuen at Olimpus by Iupiter and the celestiaall Synode.

Ru: Ill tidings for my Lady these.

Ina: Ill newes pore babe for thee.

Mer: VVhat who are these?

I take yee to bee two of Venus virgins, are yee not?

Ru: Faith she is a pure virgin indeed,

For the childe she had by Venus chaplin,

Is a big boy and followes the Father,

Ina: And so are you a maide too, are ye not?

For the girle you had by Mars his Captaine,

Shees dead, and troubles not the Mother,

Mer: Then I perceiue ye be both maids for the most part;

Ru: well for our maidenheads it kill not much.

For in the world I know are many such.

Ina: I Mercurie I pray let that goe,

wee are faire Venus maides, no more but so.

And in our Ladies cause we doe intreate

ro know, if that be true thou didst proclaime?

Or was it spoken but of pollicie,

To fright vs whome thou knewst to be her maides.

Mer: As true as neither of you both are maides

So true it is, that I haue vttered.

the sentence is set downe, Venus exilde,

And

The Coblers Prophecie.

Ina: Ayme poore babe for thee.

Mer: Whose child is that you beare so tenderly?

Ru: My Ladies child, begotten by contempt.

Mer: O is it so, and whether beare you it?

Ina: To nurse.

Mer: To whom?

Ru: Vnto securitie.

Mer: Is it a boy or girle, I praie ye tell?

Ina: A girle it is.

Mer: Who were the godmothers?

Ru: We two are they.

Mer: Your names I craue.

Ru: Mine Ru and hers is Ina.

Mer: And whether name I praie yee beares the girle?

Ina: Both hers and mine.

Mer: And who is godfather?

Ru: Ingratitude that is likewise the grandfather.

Mer: Ruina otherwise called Ruine the child,
Contempt the father, Venus alias lust the mother,
Ru and Ina the godmother,
Ingratitude the Oodfather and grandfather,
And Securitie the nurse,
Heeres a brood that all Boecetia shall curse.
Well damfels hie you hence, for one is comming nigh
Will treade your yong one vnder foot.

Ina: Tis Mars, O let vs flie.

Exeunt.

Enter Mars in Armor.

Mars: Now Mars thou seemest lyke thy selfe,
Thy womens weeds cast off,
Which made thee be in heauen a scorne,
On earth a common scoffe.

Mars: O Mercurie how am I bound to thee,
That blazest forth this strumpets iust reproofe?
O could I finde the harlot or her broode,

F

I would

The Cobler's Prophecie.

I would reuenge me of indignities:
Now Mercurie; I minde a prophesie
A simple fellow brought me on a day,
When wantonning vpon her knee I lay,
How that a crauen cocke should tread my hen,
And she should hatch a chicke this countrie to decay,
The bastards name he tolde me too,
But it was riddle-wisely sayd to me,
Helpe me to search it Mercurie,
I know thee quicke and wise,
When I should onely in a word
Fiue letters iust discern
Three vowels and two consonants,
The name I soone should learne:
But those same vowels hee dyd bid,
That I should duly scan,
And they would signifie the way
That guideth euery man.
Hast thou not heard of such a thing?

Mer: Yes, and dyd send that prophesie,
And euen as thou camest hether
The bastard and the godmothers
Were in this place together.

Mar: Were they in deed, where are they now?
He search, he follow them.

Mer: Be patient Mars, they will be quickly found,
Ruina is the bastards name, R. N. the consonants,
V, I, and A, the vowels be; and *Via* is the waye.

Mars: Now haue I found it Mercury, thou hast resolud me
I wyll raise warre; I will aduenged bee,
Go with me Mercurie, thou my reuenge shalt see.

Mer: I will go and do my best for thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke, Scheller, Cobler.

Raph: Tis true o Duke, that I do say,
He

The Coblers Prophecie.

He shall would make thy lyfe away,
He is too frolike and too lustie,
Thou too simple and too trustie,
Warres shall in thy lande begin,
For pride, contempt, and other sin,
Nothing shall appease heauens ire,
Til the cabin of Contépt be set on fire
And wantonnes with lewd desire,
Be trampled vnder foot as mire,
The Cobler has no more to say,
But for the peoples sinnes, good princes oft are tane away.

Du: Well, Goda mercie fellow, go thou in. *Ex. Raph.*

Sch: He raues my Lord, its ill aduisd of you

To suffer him so neere your princely excellence.

Du: His presence breeds me no offence.

A cry within help, murther, mur-
ther, Raph comes running out,
Ennius after him with his dagger
drawen, after Ennius Zelota the
Coblers wife, who snatches the
dagger from Ennius, and runs ra-
uing.

Zc: What Raph, Raph, so fine you wil not know your wife

Whata gilden sword and a siluer knife?

There, there Raph, put it vp.

She stabs Ennius, and he falls dead.

Why so? *She stands againe sodainly amazed.*

What so? Why where am I?

Raph: Faith where ye ha made a sayre peece of worke.

Du: Lay holde on them, what violence is this,

To haue one murdered euen before our presence?

The Coblers Propheſie.

Sch: What cauſe hadſt thou to kill this Gentleman?

Zel: None in the world, I neuer knew him I.

Raph: No faith ſhees mad, & has bene euer ſince I was a prophet, and cauſe ſhe ſawe a dagger without a ſheath, ſhe euen put it vp in his belly.

Du: Why what acquaintance haſt thou with this womâ?

Raph: O Lord ſir, ſhe has bin acquainted with me a great while, with mine cares, with euery part of me, why tis my wife.

Sch: The lykelyer may it like your grace of his conſent, Twere good they both did ſuffer puniſhment.

Du: Commit them both, but ſhe has long bin mad, It may be heauen reſerud her to this end.

Sch: Come ſirra, you and your wife muſt goe to ward, Till you be tride for cleerenes or conſent.

Raph: O ſir, whether you will I am content, God Merkeddy has ſerud me pretily, Has made my wife mad, and ſayd ſhee ſhould not be well, Till by her hand a traitor fell, And I muſt euen be hangd for companie.

*Exeunt With the Cowler and his wife
ſome beare out Ennius bodie.*

Du: I doe not geſſe the woman guiltie of this crime, But the juſt heauens in theyr ſeueritie, Haue wrought this wreake for Ennius trecherie.

Enter Scholler and Meſſenger.

Sch: Here is a meſſenger my gracious Lord, That brings ill tidings to your quiet ſtate.

Du: What are they ſelow, let vs heare the ſpeak. Spare not

Meſſ: The Argiues and the men of Theſſaly, With mightie powers are come vpon your coaſt, They burne, walt, ſpoyle, kill, murder, make no ſpare, Of feeble age, or harmleſſe infant youth, They vow to triumph in Boetia, And make your Highnes vaſſall to their will, They threaten mightily, their power is mightie,

The

The Coblers Prophecie.

The people fall before them as the flowring grasse
The mower with his syth cuts in the meade,
Helpe your poore people, and defend your state,
Else you, they, it, will soone be ruinate.

Du: I will prouide as farre as heauenly powers,
And our abilities shall giue consents;
Ile to the temple and powre forth my prayers,
Meane while let Sateros be called for,
To muster vp the people with all speed, *Exit Duke.*

Sch: Now see I that this simple witted man,
This poore plaine Cobler truly did diuine,
The Gods when we refuse the common meanes
Sent by their oracles and learned priests,
Raise vp some man contemptible and vile,
In whom they breathe the purenes of theyr spirits,
And make him bolde to speake and prophesie.

Enter Sateros the souldier.

Welcome friend Sateros, you are fitly come,
The Duke intends that you shall leade to field
The powers of Boxtia gainst his foes,
Are you prepard. and willingly resolut?

Sat: Why you sir by your pen can do as well
I know tis nothing but *Fac simile.*

Sch: Souldier, stand not on that, discharge your dutie,
The countrie needs our seruice and our counsell,
Ile doo' my best, and do you your indeuor,
For publike quiet and Bocetias honor.

Sat: Well I forget your scornes giuen me in peace,
And rate all enuie at an humble price,
Ile doe my dutie, doe not you neglect,
Armes will not Art, Art should not armes reiect.

Sch: A blessed concord, I will to the Duke,
And leaue thee Sateros to thy glorious warre,

The Goblens Prophecie.

Enter hastily the Countrie Gentleman.

Count: O fir, I haue bin seeking ye all day,
And greatly do I praise my fortune thus to meete yee.

Sat: In good time fir, be brieft I pray.

Count: You do remember me I hope.

Sat: Not verie well I promise ye.

Count: Lord fir, and you bee aduise, I was one of them
that reasoned before contempt, when you defended war,
another arte, one the court, and I the countrie.

Sat: I remember in deepe such a reasoning, before that
vile monster Contempt, but you I haue forgot.

Count: O Lord fir yes, by that token we went afterward
to the Ordinarie.

Sat: True, true, now I call ye minde, by this token I was
not able to reache commons, and so was cashiered out of
your companie.

Count: T was against my will I faith: ye sawe I was ano-
ther mans guest.

Sat: Its no great matter. But whats your busines wyth
me now, that you seeke for me so hastily?

Count: Marie fir there is warres toward, do ye not heare
on it?

Sat: Thats to too sure.

Count: And I feare by reason of my wealth I shall bee
chosen for a Captaine ouer some Companies.

Sat: And what of that?

Count: Why I haue no skill, and therefore woulde hyre
you to serue in my place. Ile please ye well.

Sat: The Duke wantes men fir, and therefore must yee
serue your selfe, though not as a captaine, yet in a place fit-
ting your person. You offer me moneie, why man Ile deale
kindly with ye, ye shal haue some of me, here take it, be not
nice. In the Dukes name I charge ye with horse and furni-
ture to be readie to morrow by breake of day, for the busi-
nes askes speed,

Count: Bu

The Coblers Prophecie.

Count: But I hope ye will not deale so with me?

Sat: But I am sure I will, therefore dispatch on perill of your life.

Count: Why what a life is this, that such as I must serue?
A shame on warres for me that ere they were, *Exit.*

Enter Raph and other prisoners with weapons.

Sat: Why now fellowes, what are you?

Raph: What souldier, do not you know me?

Sat: Yes Raph, but what are these?

Raph: Faith certaine pu-fellowes of mine, that haue bin mued vp, & now the exclamation goes we shal haue wars, we are all set at libertie, and sent to you to be traild vp.

Sat: Why wert in prison?

Raph: I faith I prophesied so long, that I had like to haue bin hangd. My wife kild the courtier man, that would haue kild me & the Duke to, but Ile be a prophet no longer thate flatte, after I haue done beeing a souldier, Ile to cobling againe.

Sat: So doest thou well: But fellowe tell mee why wert thou in.

Pri: Faith sir for nothing but riding another mans horse.

Sat: That was but a sinall matter.

Raph: A thing of nothing, for when he had stollen him, he were as good ride him as leade him in his hand.

Pri: Faith thats euen the truth on it.

Sat: I thinke you all haue bin of such condition,
But now betake you to another course,
The Duke hath giuen you life and libertie,
Where otherwise your deeds deserued death,
If now you doo offend vnder my charge,
Looke for no fauour but the martiall lawe,
Death on the next tree without all remission,
And if ye like not this I will returne yee

From

The Coblers Prophecie.

From whence ye came to bide the doome of law,
Speake, will ye liue and serue as true men should?

All: I, I, I.

Raph: I am sure ye take me for none of theyr number.

Sat: No Raph, thou shalt be still with mee,

I haue an hoast of worthie souldiers

Readie to march, to them now will I goe,

Heauens and good fortune quell our furious foe.

Sound drums, *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Contempt, Venus following him, hee pushing her from
him twice or thrice.*

Cont: Awake thou strumpet, scandall of the world,
Cause of my sorrow, author of thy shame,
Follow me not, but wander where thou wilt,
In vncouth places loathed of the light,
Fit shroude to hide thy lustfull bodie in,
Whose faire's distaind with foule adulterous sin.

Ven: Ah my Content, proue not so much vnkind,
To flie and leaue thy loue alone behind,
I will go with thee into hollow caues,
To desert to the dens of furious beasts,
I will descend with thee vnto the graue,
Looke on me loue let me some comfort haue.

Contempt still turnes from Venus.

What not a word to comfort me in wo?

No looke to giue my dying heart some life?

Nothing but frownes, but lowres, but scornes, disdaines?

Woe to my pleasures that haue brought these paines.

Haue I for this set light the God of warre,

Against whose frownes nor death nor heauen can stande,

Haue I for this procurde the angrie Gods

To make me exile from all blessednes.

Haue I for this lost honor and renownme,

Become a scandall to the vulgar world,

The Coblers Prophecie.

And thus to berepaide? Ah breake my hart,
Had all these eun's faue vpon my head,
And millions of more I armes than heauen could heap,
Yet all were nothing, had not my Content;
Reward me thus vile with Contempt.

Con: Shape of collusion, mirror of deceit,
Faile forme with foule deformities defilde.
Know that I am Contempt in nature scornfull,
Foe to thy good, and fatall to thy life:
That while I liue in glorie and account,
Disdaigne all vertue, and contemnd all vice,
Good, bad, were held with me of equall price.
And now the wauing of my greatnesse comes,
Occasiond by thy loue, whome Mars affected,
And I that all despise am now reiected.
For which I thee reiect, disdaigne and hate,
VVishing thee die a death disconsolate.

Venus: Yet once regard me as a thing regardles,
Thou art the abiects wretch aloue esteemed,
I worse than vilenes in the world am deemed:
I scorn'd, thou hated, each like other being,
Liue we together void of other being.

Con: Lightnes of lightest things that vaunt of life
Sprung from the froathie bubbles of the sea:
Leaue to solicite him that loathes thy lookes,
Spitting vpon thy face painted pride
I will forsake thee, and in silence shrowd
thus loathed trunk despised and abhord,

Exit.

She offers to follow, he drives her backe.

Venus: So flies the murderer from the mangled limbs,
Left limles on the ground by his tell hand,
So runnes the Tyger from the bloodles pray,
VVhich when his tell stomacke is of hunger stancht,
thou murder, Tyger, glutted with my faire,

Gr

Leaue

The Coblers Prophecie.

Leaust me forsaken, map of griefe and care.

O what is beauty humbled to the base,

That neuer had a care of ciuill thought?

O what is fauor in an obscure place?

Like vnto Pearles that for the swine are bought:

Beauty and fauor where no vertue bides,

Proues foule, deformd, and like a shadow glides.

Ah that my woe could other women warne,

To loue true wedlocke or the virgins life:

For me too late, for them fit time to learne,

The honour of a maid and constant wife,

One is adorde by Gods with holy rites,

The last like Lampes both earth and heauen lights,

But the foule horror of a harlots name,

Euen of the Lecher counted as a scorne:

VVhose forehead beares the marke of hatefull shame,

Of the lust-louer hated and forlorne.

O such is Venus, so shall all such bee

As vs be base lust, and foule adulterie.

Exit.

*Enter the Duke, his Daughter, Priest, and Scholler: then
compassse the stage, from one part let a smoke arise:
at which place they all stay.*

Pri: Immortall mouer of this gloriouse frame,

That circles vs about with wonder great,

Receiue the offerings of our humble harts

And bodie prostrate on the lowly earth.

They all kneele downe.

Our sinnes hath drawne the fure of thy wrath,

And turnd our peace to miserie and warre:

But if repentant soules may purchase grace,

VVe craue it humbly, and intend to liue,

Hereafter more reformed than wee haue done,

For pride, we entertaine humilitie:

For our presumption, due obedience:

Loue

The Coblers Prophecie.

Loue for Contempt, and chastitie for lust:
The Cabbin of Contempt doth burne with fire,
In which our sinnes are cast, and there consume.
Heare vs yee heauenly powers, helpe we require,
And be propitious to the penitent.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen: Rise from the humble earth my Noble Lord,
Rise vp yee Priests, Princes, and people rise,
And heare the glad some tidings I vnfold,
Of happy peace and glorious victorie.

They all rise and cast incense into the fire.

Duke: For that swete voice offerd to vs by man,
Cast sweetest incense into holy fires,
And while they burne, tell on thy happy newes,
That wee may heare and honour heauenly Powers.

Messen: VVhen Sateros my Lord had brought your power,
In view of our presuming enemies:
And equall place was choien for the field,
He sent a Herald, willing them restore,
The wrongs that in Boettia they had done,
And leaue the Countrey, turning to their home,
Or els resolute on doubtfull chance of warre,
They proud, ambitious, couetous of gaine,
Returnd an answer filled with disdain.
Then was the signall giuen, and stremares red,
Menacing blood on either side aduanced.
Drums, Fifes, and trumpets drown'd the cries of men,
That ech where fell before their Foe-mens swords.
Mars there shoud ruthles rage on either part,
And murder ranged thorow euery ranke,
Dust dimd the sunnes light, and the powders smoke,
Seemd like thicke Clowds in ayre congluminate.
Thus was seauen houres consume, and doubtfull chaunce
Sometime with vs, sometime with them abode:
till at the length our Generall gaue charge
to sound retreat, which made the hopefull Foe,

The Coblers Prophecie.

Pursue regardlessse our retyring bands,
That being knit together in firme ranke,
A fresh pursude their stragling followers,
Then sell their glory like the ripened corne,
Before the Cicke and the Reapers hand:
In briefe, some fled, most slaine, and many taken
Haue left the honour to Boeotia.

Duke: To heauens and Sateros returne we thanks,
For thy reward receaue this recompence:

The Duke giues him his upper garment.

Our selues will forward to salure our friends,
That fought for honour of Boeotia.
Sound Drum and Trumpet notes triumphantly,
Heauens haue the honour for this victorie.

Exeunt.

*Enter with Drum and Trumpet Sateros lead betweene Mars
and Mercurie, Raph Cobler and his wife following,
and other souldiers.*

Mars: Thus Sateros haue we afflied thee,
Our true sworne souldier, worthy man at Armes,
And the Boeotian Duke hath heauen appealde,
By firing false Contempt and loathed lult.
Mercurie the sonne and messenger of Ioue
V With me shall patle vnto my warlike house.
Goe thou vnto the Duke with all thy trame,
That longs to see thee, and requite thy paine.

Sat: To mighty Mars and wary Mercurie
Poore Sateros giues thanks and vowes his duety.

Raph: Are yee here yfaith? heres two on yee,
Raph Cobler may curse the time that heere knew your cōpany.

Mrs: V What mine man?

Raph: I yours, what reason had you to make my wife mad?
I and so mad to kill one? and then make me a Prophecie?

Mer: It was the secret iudgement of the Gods, Sateros speak
to the Duke to thinke on him, and to remeunt fault.

Sateros

The Coblers Prophecie.

Sat: It shall be done.

Mars: Is this the Prophet?

Raph: I that it is, that told you your owne when twas,

Mars: Sateros vſe him well.

Raph: Nere doubt you that; are yee bemeimbred ſince ye told him, if ye ſet your ſelfe againſt the Gods they would driue you out of heauen.

Mars: V Well what of that?

Raph: Faith at that time the world might well haue afforded you a Cart to ride in.

Sat: Go too *Raph*, ceaſe,

Raph: I, I, and great folke doo amiſſe,
Poore tolke muſt hold their peace,

Mer: *Mars* ſhall wel hence?

Mars: I, ſatewell *Sateros*. *Exeunt Mars and Mercurie.*

Enter with honour the Duke and his traine.

Duke: V Wel come braue ſouldier, welcome to you all.
Ioy ſtops my words, I cannot ſpeake my innide,
But in this triumph paſſe we to the Court,
V Where you ſhall all receiue your due deſerts,

Sat: Thanks Noble Lord.

Raph: V What ſhall I doo then, and my wife?

Duke: I will provide for thee, and pardon her.

Raph: Faith then farewell the Court;
For now ſhe not run and ride, nor no more abide,
But ſince my mad wife, haſt changed her mad life,
Hee euen came to be a Prophet ſpeaker,
Take thou my leather and naule, and fall to my old trade of the
gentle craft the Cobler.

Zelus: I *Raph* that will be fitteſt for vs.

Duke: Come *Sateros* let me ſee, honour thee,
To whom the heauens haue giuen great victorie,
Andooke in worth our worthleſſe ſacrifice,
V Wherein Contempt and Luſt with old ingratitude,

The Coblers Prophecie.

Haue perished like Fume that flies from fire.
March forward braue and worthy man at Armes,
Thy deedes shall be rewarded worthily:
Embrace the Scholler, liue you two as friends,
For Armes and Learning may not be at iarre,
Counsell preuents, counsell preuailes in warre.

Sat: My thoughts are free from hate, let me not liue,
VVhen souldiers faile good Letters to defend.

Sch: Let euery Scholler be a Souldiers friend,
As I am friend to thee and so will rest.

Raph: I so liue, and yee are blest.
How saist thou Zelote is not that life best.

Duke: Then with due praise to heauen let vs depart,
Our State supported both by Armes and Art.

Exeunt.

Fortuna Cruelia.

FINIS:



